

### August And September

The Season For Brides



These surely are busy days—days filled with shopping, planning and arranging.

Your **SLIPPERS** should be one of the charms of your costume, and they surely will be if you allow us to help you select them.

As for your **TRAVELING BOOTS**, we have, the most up-to-date styles that will know any idea you may have for a traveling or appearing out suit.

**Waterbury & Rising, Limited**  
 "The Home of Reliable Footwear"  
 3 STORES  
 King Street Union Street Main Street

### RADIO COAL

TRADE NAME  
Copyrighted

A Clean, Free Burning, Carefully Prepared Hard Coal

For Sale Only By  
**CONSUMERS' COAL CO. LTD.**

### EVIDENCE OF LATE HOURS OF YESTERDAY IN THE HARRIS CASE

At the continuation of the trial of Everett Carland and John O'Brien for the murder of Robert Harris, yesterday afternoon, Harry T. Lunn and Edward McCann gave evidence.

Police Magistrate Hight was called and stated that the depositions of Carland and O'Brien were taken before him and he identified his signature to the documents produced by the crown.

Mr. Mullin, in cross-examination, asked the police magistrate if he had issued any order to have Carland and O'Brien removed from jail to testify at the coroner's inquest. He replied that he had not, but he could not deny, he said, that he had heard they were going to be witnesses. Asked whether anyone but himself and a supreme court judge had authority to remove a man from jail, the witness stated that when he was a superior-general a coroner could take a man from jail to give evidence. The magistrate stated that at the time of the inquest Carland and O'Brien were in jail and he recalled that there was some suspicion about them.

Spent Night in Shop.

James Campbell, a striking plumber, told of what happened the night Harris was assaulted, about the men, including Carland and O'Brien, assembling at the rooms, leaving about 10 o'clock. The only new phase of this witness' testimony was given in cross-examination by Mr. Mullin. He stated that on Friday afternoon he went to Joe O'Brien's place in Mill street and fell asleep and remained there all night with John O'Brien. Saturday morning about 7 o'clock he and O'Brien left the place and went down to the corner for a drink of beer. They then came up Mill street past Edebrooks' and separated at the corner of Union street.

The witness stated that he did not know Jeremiah Lennan and therefore could not say whether the man passed that morning.

That morning neither the witness nor O'Brien were overcast.

The witness recalled that he had remarked to O'Brien about being out all night and O'Brien replied that he hadn't

### A Call to Your Grocer

will bring a package of

### Grape-Nuts

A delicious, healthful food and a pleasing lesson in economy.

"There's a Reason" Made in Canada

### EVERYWOMAN A GREAT SUCCESS AT IMPERIAL

Theatre Thronged as Clever Play is Produced

Large Company of Capable Stage People; Leading Parts in Most Competent Hands; Good Orchestra; Elaborate Settings

St. John theatre patrons last night revelled in enjoyment of a grandly impressive and spectacular production of Walter Browne's modern morality play, "Everywoman," given with that lavishness of attention to all points that ever marks the work of the Henry W. Savage companies. The Imperial theatre offered a fitting place for the production of the magnitude of this and with practically all seats occupied, the scene presented was very inviting. Young ladies of the Y. W. P. A. made a very efficient corps of ushers.

The company carries over 100 costumes—and it is a superior aggregation—delighting the musically favored with an alluring musical accompaniment to many of the spoken lines.

"Everywoman" differs much from anything before seen here. It is spoken verse with musical settings in places and several excellent solos and choruses.

It teaches a lesson, and does so very effectively—a lesson of the life of today, the good and the evil influences that are about woman, the allurement of luxury, the dangers of passion, the gay life of a large city, the gradual abandonment of Everywoman by beauty, chastity, youth and modesty and wealth, the disregard of truth's warnings, but the final return to truth where love and happiness at last are found.

The play was gorgeously mounted, treated with artistic lighting effects, and bits of stagecraft and costume elaborately. The company is large and the members all well fitted for their roles.

Miss Paula Shay dominates the whole as Everywoman and gives a remarkably good performance of a very exacting part. Her voice is of rich quality, her acting most natural and her dresses were the envy of all the ladies.

Percy Parsons as Nobody, shared the honors with the star, and his work was of very high grade. His deep resonant voice, his clear enunciation were outstanding features. Nobody's appearance on the stage always was welcome.

Berta Dunn, Elsie Gray and Margaret Patterson, as Youth, Beauty and Modesty, are three attractive young women who play the part well and do so gracefully. Truth is another good character, played by Helen Daine. Jack Hutchinson as Wealth, G. A. Choate as Witless, Fred Hampton as Time, Frank Kilday as Bluff and F. J. McCarthy as Nobody were good, as in fact were all who took part. Louie Williamson as Consensus and Townsend Ahern as Consensus added delightful singing numbers to good acting work.

The stage scene in a metropolitan theatre, the banquet in Everywoman's home, New Year's Eve in Broadway, all were very effectively presented. Every act brought several curtain calls. The production of "Everywoman" in St. John certainly was a marked success in every way. It is being presented again this afternoon and will have its finale to night. The cast is as follows:

The cast taking part in Everywoman follows:

Everywoman ..... Paula Shay  
 Nobody ..... Percy Parsons  
 Youth ..... Berta Dunn  
 Beauty ..... Elsie Gray  
 Modesty ..... Margaret Patterson  
 Consensus, her handmaiden ..... Louie Williamson  
 Plattery ..... Nicholas Joy  
 Truth, a witch ..... Helen Daine  
 King Love, her son ..... Madeline Anderson  
 Bluff and Stuff, theatre managers ..... Frank Kilday, F. J. McCarthy  
 Puff, a press agent ..... Townsend Ahern  
 Time, a call boy ..... Fred Hampton  
 Wealth, a millionaire ..... Jack Hutchinson  
 Witless, a nobleman ..... G. A. Choate  
 Age ..... Frederick Elsbree  
 Self ..... Margaret Yeats  
 Vanity ..... Donna Bartlett  
 Vice, a courtesan ..... Jean Wells  
 Chastity, a minister ..... Madeline Anderson  
 Grovel, a servant ..... John Thompson  
 Sneak, a servant ..... Charles Durnall  
 Robb, a South Bend, Indiana, by Secor Order, a policeman ..... Joseph Smyth  
 Mert, head waiter ..... A. Y. Strauss  
 Smiles ..... Josephine Smith  
 Harriet Young  
 Kittle Bird  
 Shape ..... Florence Schaffer  
 Flirt ..... Natalie Lynn  
 Dimples ..... Alice Jordan  
 Curves ..... Marion Taylor  
 Giggles ..... Margaret Yeats

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and for years it was supposed to be incurable. Doctors prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is a constitutional remedy, is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. One Hundred Dollars reward is offered for any case that Hall's Catarrh Cure fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.  
 Sold by Druggists, 75c.  
 Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### ST. JOHN REPRESENTED

Says an American paper:—On Aug. 2, the feast of St. Alphonsus Maria de Liguori, a very interesting ceremony took place in the Novitiate Chapel of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Rochester, N. B., provincial of the Redemptorists, assisted by Rev. James Hayes, C. S. R., rector of the Mission Church, Boston, and Rev. Richard Donohue, C. S. R., director of St. Mary's College, North East, Pa., invested twenty-four postulants with the garb of St. Alphonsus and received the vows of twenty-five novices who had completed their year of novitiate. About twenty other Sons of St. Alphonsus were present in the sanctuary.

Those accorded the privilege of investiture were:—Frederick Haviland, Joseph Douglas, Thomas Sullivan, Thomas McCauley, of Boston; John Frawley, Brookline; John Driscoll, Atlantic; Francis Brennan, Augustine Varichio, Ambrose McAdams, Aloysius Streasburger, of New York; Henry Fitzgerald, Thomas O'Connor, Brooklyn; Albert Liska, Rockland Lake, N. Y.; Raymond Miller, Buffalo; Philip Tremont, Newark, N. J.; James Seidel, Hackensack, N. J.; John Kappel, Alphonsus Steffe, Lawrence Fluhr, Francis Lita Philadelphia; Edward Connors, Baltimore, Md.; Thomas Scollon, Toronto, Ontario, Canada; John Keogh, Tottenham, Ont.; Henry McGuire, Albert Conlogue, of St. John, New Brunswick.

The young men who were happy enough to consecrate themselves to God and to the work so dear to the heart of St. Alphonsus were:—Frates Francis Kennedy, Theodore Haviland, Timothy Cronin, Joseph Driscoll, Walter Reilly, Henry Goetten and William Green, of Boston; David Murphy, Cambridge; Leo Doetterl, Alphonsus Schenhardt, Edward Keimel, Lawrence Braun and Raymond Knab, Buffalo, N. Y.; Joseph Keller and Raymond Schiller, Rochester; Augustine Struth, New York; Thomas Chapman and Francis Meenan, Brooklyn; Henry Elnhaus, Philadelphia; John Volk, Baltimore; Edward Howard and Joseph O'Hara, St. John, New Brunswick, Canada; Joseph Kennedy, Chapeau, Quebec, Canada; and Joseph MacGreel, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

### RECENT WEDDINGS

Robb-Millican.  
 A quiet wedding took place at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon at the residence of A. W. Petch, 39 Peters street, when his sister, Mrs. Emma J. Millican, was united in marriage to Frank G. Robb, of South Bend, Indiana, by Rev. J. A. MacKelgan. The bride and groom left on the 6:10 train for a trip through the Upper Canadian and American cities returning to South Bend, where they will reside.

Lockhart-Wilmet.  
 Silveston, B. C., papers announce the wedding of George Wellington Lockhart, formerly of Sussex, and Miss Julie Kathleen Maud Wilmet, formerly a popular Sunbury county school teacher.

## Friday Bargains

ALL MARKED AT SPECIAL PRICES

<b>BED COMFORTABLES</b> Silkoline covered, soft and fluffy; our own make, 6 by 6 ft., 9 in. Friday Price, \$3.00 each Cambric covered, same size; our own make, Friday Price, \$2.50 each	<b>FANCY VOILE BLOUSES</b> White Grounds, Fancy Colored Designs. Friday Price, \$1.25 each	<b>CORDUROY SUITS AND WASH DRESSES</b> Rose, White and Natural Colors Friday Price, \$3.75	<b>LACE PANELS</b> For Vestibule Doors and Sashes, real linen edge insertion, 27 x 45 in., Friday Prices, 75c. and \$1.00
<b>FANCY PRINTED VOILES</b> Were 40c. to 70c. Friday Price, 25c. each	<b>KRINKLE LAWN</b> Fancy Designs and Colors. Friday Price, 10c. yard	<b>BOYS' NORFOLK SUITS</b> Strong Serviceable Tweeds, good range of patterns, broken sizes. Friday Prices: 7 to 12 years..... \$4.30 and \$5.00 13 to 18 years..... \$6.40	<b>LINEN PILLOW CASES</b> Hemstitched, embroidered, 22 1/2 x 36 in., Friday Price, \$2.25 pair
<b>LADIES' SILK GLOVES</b> Two Domes, Black or White. Friday Price, 60c. pair	<b>BOYS' SUITS</b> —Plain Coats and Bloomer Pants, 13 to 18 years, Friday Prices, \$3.75 and \$4.75	<b>BUREAU COVERS</b> Plain, Hemstitched. Friday Price, 25c. each	<b>BATH TOWELS</b> Small Size, Fringed. Friday Price, 1-2 doz. for 50c.
<b>ORCHET LACE D'OYLES</b> Round and Oval. Friday Price, 35c. each	<b>TINTED DARNING BAGS</b> Odd Patterns. Friday Price, 25c. each	<b>STAMPED TERRY TOWELS</b> Good Size Friday Price, 40c. each	<b>LADIES' COLLARS</b> Voile and Pique. Friday Price, 25c. each

### BLOOD RED WAR

Some years ago every one in America who reads poetry waxed enthusiastic over "The Songs of the Sourdough" and other verse of a young Canadian, ex-bank clerk and Yukon adventurer, Robert W. Service. His poems, full of fire and the dare-devilry of the wild Northwest, when published in book form brought him fame as the "Kipling of the North."

When the war broke out Service went to the front as a Red Cross man. His work has been with the Canadian contingent of the British Army in Flanders.

BILL THE BOMBER.

The poppies gleamed like bloody pools through cotton-woolly mist; The Captain kept a-lookin' at 'em, watchin' upon his wrist; And there we smoked and squatted, as we watched the shrapnel flame; 'Twas wonderful, I tellin' you, how fast them bullets came. 'Twas wonderful the waitin', though; I tried to sleep a wink, Per waitin' means a-lookin', and it don't do it think. So I closed my eyes a little, and I had a nicker dream; A-standin' by a dresser with a dish of Devon cream; But I hadn't time to sample it, for suddenly I woke; 'Come on, me lads!' the Captain says, 'I climbed out through the smoke. We spread out in the open; it was like a bath of lead; But the boys they cheered and hoisted it to raise the bloody dead, Tull a-lookin' at 'em, watchin' upon his wrist; And it's odd—we didn't seem to heed 'em corpses on the ground. I'd kept on thinkin', thinkin', as the bullets faster flew, How they picked the very bones, and they it's rotters through; So indiscriminate-like they spares a man of sin, And a rare lad was a husband and a father gets done in, And while havin' these reflections, and the bullets on the run, A bullet hits my shoulder, and says I: 'That's number one.'

Well, it dorned me for a jiffy, but I didn't lose me calm, For I knew that I was needed; I'm a bomber, so I am. And I lost me wop and rife, but I carried on 'cause I'd me bunch of bombs and knew that they was needed, so they was. I didn't 'ave no singin' now, nor many men to cheer; Maybe this shrapnel dorned 'em, crashin' out so werry near; And the Maxims got us sideways, and the bullets faster flew, And I copped one on me hipper, and says I: 'That's number two.'

I was pleased it was the left one, for I 'ad me mooms, ye see. And I was 'ad if they'd be wastin' like and all along 'er; And I'd lost me 'at and rife—but I told you that before, So I packed me mit inside me coat and 'carried on' once more. But the mumpus it was wicked, and the boys were scarier yet, And I fell me ginger goin', but me jaws I kindo set, And we passed the Boche first trenches, which was 'capin' 'igh with dead, And they started for their second, which was fifty feet ahead; When something like a 'ammer smashed me savage on the knee, And down I came all muck and blood; Says I: 'That's number three.'

So there I lay all velpless like, and bloody sick at that, And worrin' like anything, because I'd lost me 'at; And thinkin' of me mooms, and the partin' words she said: 'If you gets killed, write quick, 'ol man, and tell me as you're dead.' But I was 'ad at me bunch of bombs—that was the 'ol man's word; To think I'd never 'ave the chance to 'url them at the foe. And there was all our boys in front, a-fightin' there like mad, And me as could 'ave 'elped 'em werry lovely bombs I 'ad, And so I cussed and cussed, and then I struggled back again, Into that bit of battered trench, packed solid with its slain.

Now as I lay a-lyin' there and blasin' of me lot, And wishin' I could just dispose of all them bombs I'd got, I sees within the doorway of a shy, retirin' dugout Six Boches all a-grinnin', and their Captain stuck 'is mug out; And they 'ad a nice machine gun, and I twigged what they was at; And they fixed it on a tripod, and I watched 'em like a cat; And they got it in position, and they seemed so werry glad, Like they'd got it in a death-trap, which, condemn their souls, they 'ad. For there our boys was fightin' fifty yards in front, and 'ere This lousy bunch of Boches they 'ad got us in the rear.

O, it set me blood a-boilin' and I quite forgot me pain, So I started crawlin', crawlin' over all them mounds of slain; And them bastards was so busy like 'ad no eyes for me, And me bleedin' leg was draggin', but me right arm it was free, And now they 'ave it all in shape, and swingin' sweet and clear; And now they're all excited like, but I am divin' near; And now they 'ave it loaded up, and now they're takin' aim. Rat-at-tat-tat! O, here, says I, is where I join the game. And my right arm it goes swingin' and a bomb it goes a-singin', And that 'typewriter' goes wingin' in a thunderbolt of flame. Then these Boches, wot was left of 'em, they tumbled down their 'ole, And up I climbed a mound of dead, and down on them I stole. And O, that blessed moment when I heard that frightened yell, And I laughed down in that dugout, ere I moomed their souls to hell. And now I'm in the hospital, surprised that I'm alive; We started out a thousand men, we came back thirty-five. And I'm minus of a trotter, but I'm most amazin' gay, For me bombs they wasn't wasted, though, you might say, 'thrown away.'

We'll hunger and thirst; we'll die. . . but first—we'll live; by the gods, we'll live! We'll breathe free air and we'll bivouac under the starry sky; We'll march with men and we'll fight with men, and we'll see men laugh and die; We'll know such joy as we never dreamed; we'll fathom the depths of pain; But the hardest bit of it all will be—when we come back home again.

For some of us smirk in a chiffon shop, and some of us teach in a school; Some of us help with the seat of our pants to polish an office stool; The merits of somebody's soap or luan some of us seek to explain; But all of us wonder what we'll do when we have to go back again.



### Don't Take a Trip With a Corn

**DON'T** handicap yourself in a business way or socially with a painful corn. There's no need to keep your mind on your corn.

Blue-jay—the easy way—brings instant relief from pain. And your corns are gone in 48 hours. That is, the average corn. Some very stubborn cases require a second or third treatment.

Millions upon millions of corns have been removed the Blue-jay way. Millions of families keep a supply on hand, and they never have corns. You, too, can be freed now and forever.

Paring corns brings only temporary relief. And harsh liquids are dangerous. Blue-jay is the scientific way.

**Blue-jay**  
 Stops Pain—Ends Corns  
 Instantly Quickly

For Sale by All Druggists  
 Also Blue-jay Bandages  
 Plasters